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Martha, Martha, why dont you name the day?

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Martha, Martha, why don't you name the day?

Sung by Miss KATE CARNEY.

Just down a court in a rough neighbourhood,
There's an old humble cot stands alone,
Where a poor aged mother and daughter have lived
In this cot many years on their own.
The daughter, young Martha, is loved, you must know,
By a fellow that lives round about ;
Each evening he'll call when he thinks Martha's in,
And up at the window he'll shout—

' Martha, Martha, why don't you name the day ?
I'll be your Arthur—now what do you say ?
To keep out of your company, straight, I never can,
If you'll be my old woman, why, I'll be your old man."

Martha says, " Straight now, I can't name the day,
You must wait till I make up my mind,
You knows that I loves you, but still, for all that,
I can't leave my mother behind.
You know she's entirely depending on me,
And I don't know the reason why
You comes round each even'ng to ask me to wed,
And still you continue to cry—

" All right," says he, " I won't call round again,
You have told me you can't name the day,
So now I woud't trouble about you a bit—
Now, Martha, you hear what I say."
Then he very soon from the court disappears,
Though to leave her it causes him pain,
But just about half an hour passes awap,
And he comes with his old cry again.